

Fran arrives at Hamilton. Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him, laughs during the service and is asked to leave. Abbott Ashton, superintendent of schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy man, deeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran tells Gregory she wants a home with him. Grace Noir, Gregory's private secretary, takes a violent dislike to Fran and advises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to leave the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at Springfield while attending college and then deserted her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran takes a liking to Mrs. Gregory. Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story. Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her home with them and takes her to her arms. It is decided that Fran must go to school. Grace shows persistent interest in Gregory's story of his dead friend and hints that Fran may be an imposter. Fran declares that the secretary must go. Grace bethis nagging tactics in an effort to drive Fran from the Gregory home, but Mrs. Gregory remains stanch in her friendship. Fran is crodered before Superintendent Ashton to be punished for insubordination in school. Chairman Clinton is present. The affair ends in Fran leaving the school in company of the two men to the amazement of the scandal-mongers of the town. Abbott, while taking a walk alone at midnight, finds Fran on a bridge telling her fortune by cards. She tells Abbott that she is the famous lion tamer, Fran Nonpareil. She tired of circus life and sought a home.

CHAPTER XI.-Continued.

As he looked into her eyes, all sense of the abnormal disappeared. "I have the imagination, Fran," he exclaimed impulsively, "if it is your life." "In spite of the lions?" she asked,

"You needn't tell me a word," Abbott said. "I know all that one need thisknow; it's written in your face, a story of sweet innocence and brave pa-

tience." "But I want you to know." "Good!" he replied with a sudden smile. "Tell the story, then; if you

were an Odyssey, you couldn't be too long." "The first thing I remember is waking up to feel the car jerked, or stopped, or started and seeing lights flash past the windows-lanterns of the brakemen, or lamps of some town, dancing along the track. The sleeping

car was home-the only home I knew. All night long there was the groaning of the wheels, the letting off of steam, the calls of the men. Bounder Brother and I lived in our Pullman car. After a while I knew that folks stared at us because we were different from oth-



"Poor Little Nonparell!" Murmured Abbott Wistfully.

ers. We were show-people. Then the to look like ordinary folks. Such a thing was to look like you didn't know, queer little chap, I was—and always nightly plunge into the dust-clouds of or didn't care, how much people trying to pretend that I wasn't! stared. After that, I found out that I You'd have laughed to see me.' had no father; he'd deserted mother, "Laughed at you!" cried Abbott inand her uncle had turned her out of dignantly. "Indeed I shouldn't." doors for marrying against his wishes,

and she'd have starved if it hadn't arm impulsively. been for the show-people." "Dear Fran!" whispered Abbott ten-

Remarkable Mineral Formation Which

Puzzles Scientists Called "The

Bath of the Damned."

With all the beauty of a cataract of

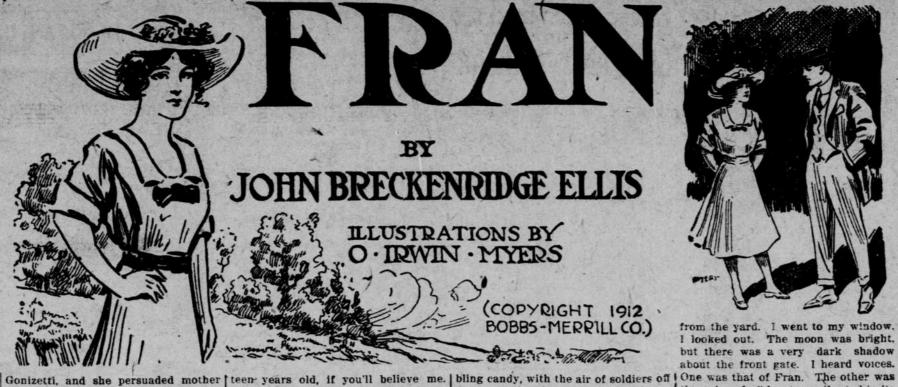
living water, there is in Algeria a re-

markable petrified waterfall which re-

cently has been engaging the attention

This is the Hammam-Meskhutin,

of scientists.



to wait with her for the season to open Well! And what was I saying-you duty-for the choir was in the throes the voice of-" her tone vibrated in its up, then go with Bounder Brothers: they were wintering in Chicago. It forget myself. Goodness, Abbott, it's and those two were the ones who you think was the matter?" could go inside Samson's cage. The life was awfully hard, but she got to and money came pouring in, and she was always hoping to run across a clue to my father—and never did."

on with renewed courage: "When I was big enough, I wore a

tiny black skirt, and a red coat with shiny buttons, and I beat the Grum there-if you just could!" in the carnival band. You ought to have seen me-so little. . . . was! We had about a dozen small shows in our company, fortune-tellers, minstrels, magic wonders, and all that Fran and the hand had to march from one tent to the next, and stand out in front my red coat . . . and there were showing perfect teeth-" always the strange faces, staring, staring-but I was so little! Sometimes they would smile at me, but mother arms and stars all in my hair had taught me never to speak to any- But the end came to everything when one, but to wear a glazed look like

"How frightfully cold!" Abbott some day I'd meet him, and tell him lated to Mr. Gregory. shivered. Then he laughed, and so did she had forgiven. Mother sent me to Fran. They had entered Littleburg. her half-uncle. My! but that was He added wickedly: "And how dread-

Fran gurgled. "Wouldn't Grace Noir just die if she could see us!"

time for reflection. ,Fran resumed abruptly. "But I nev-

trained dogs. I hated the public. I this . .). Oh, goodness, we're here." sulted, too." wanted to get away from the worldclear away from everybody . like I am now . . . with you. Isn't t great!'

tering her words with liberal imagina- short road, though!"

"I must talk fast, or the Gregory Mother taught me all she knew, though she hated books; she made herself think she was only in the show life till she could make a little more-alloved it, you see. But I loved the as he showed by saying tremulously: books-study-anything that wasn't the show. It was kind of friendly when I began feeding Samson."

"Poor little Nonpareil!" murmured

Abbott wistfully "And often when the show was beclose to the cinder-specked window, the way very well, yourself." catching the first light. When the mauls were pounding away at the tentpins, maybe I'd hunt a seat on some cage, if it had been drawn up under a tree, or maybe it'd be the ticket wagon, or even the stake pile-there you'd see me studying away for dear life. dressed in a plain little dress, trying

"No?" exclaimed Fran, patting his

conclusively.

"I must tell you about one time," she

keep looking so friendly, you make me of a solo.

"Did Samson balk?" was learning geology. I'd just found man. She paused, but at the pressure of out that the world wasn't made in sev--if you could have seen me lying

"But I can!" Abbott declared. bott, you can't imagine how little I his tawny mane, and your cheeks are blooming-"

"And your feet are crossed: and those little hands hold up the book," and play, to get the crowd in a bunch, Abbott swiftly sketched in the details; their nerves. And I'd beat away, in and your lips are parted-like now-

"Dressed in my tights and fluffy lace and jewels," Fran helped, "with bare

were about my father-how she hoped me about how mother had done wrong in his household?" in marrying secretly, and he threw it up to me and I just told him . .

ed was a home—to belong to some- ing relation he had, so he couldn't help notes, being hired! body. Then I got to hating the bold my getting it. I'll bet he's mad, now, They stood before Hamilton Greg-

ory's silent house.

"Sometime, you shall finish that might try it some day, if you say so."

"I do say so. What road is it?" Abbott had spoken of a long road isn't thinking about what I'm saying." without definite purpose, yet there was

"This is the beginning of it-" He bent down, as if to take her in

But Fran drew back, perhaps with a ing unloaded, I'd be stretched out in I'd get lost on that road," she murour sleeper, with a school book pressed mured, "for I don't believe you know

locked the door, and vanished.

CHAPTER XII.

Grace Captures the Outposts.

practice at the Walnut Street church. Abbott Ashton, hesitating to make his take a peep at Grace. He knew she scured his glass of the future. never missed a choir practice, for the organ, she thought it her duty to Impossible." set an example of regular attendance "Dear little wonder!" he returned that might be the means of bringing those who could do one or the other.

"Mother had gone to Chicago, hoping continued gaily. "We were in New was surprised to see Mrs. Jefferson in his feeling for Fran seemed to call for for a position in some respectable of Orleans at the Mardi Gras, and I was her wheel-chair at the end of the pew unfairness to Grace. fice, but they didn't want a typewriter expected to come into the ring riding occupied by the secretary, while bewho wasn't a stenographer. It was Samson-not the vicious old lion, but tween them sat Mrs. Gregory. His sur- with the distinctness of one in power. the king of hearts, and last night, winter—and mother had me—I was so cub—that was long after my days of prise became astonishment on discovlittle and bad! . . . In a cheap the drum and the red coat, bless you! ering Fran and Simon Jefferson in the Fran would not do that. But, a long gate—

Abbott, as if hypnotized by what he

was such a kind of life as mother had so much fun talking to you . . . had seen, slowly entered the auditori- Gregory declared earnestly. never dreamed of, but it was more I've never mentioned all this to one um. Fran's keen eyes discovered him, convenient than starving, and she soul in this town . . . Well-oh, and her face showed elfish mischief. thought it would give her a chance to yes; I was to have come into the ring, Grace, following Fran's eyes, found find father-that traveling, all over the riding Samson. Everybody was wait- the cause of the odd smile, and beck-

> Grace motioned to Abbott to sit besuch surprising news that I'd forgot- tention that showed her purpose of grass-what do you suppose I found?" ten all about cages and lions and tents reaching a definite goal unsuspected by the other.

"I'm so glad Fran has taken a place in the choir," Abbott whispered to awful significance, "a gambling card! Ab- "Your long black hair is mingled with Grace. "And look at Simon Jefferson As long as I have lived in the house, -who'd have thought it!"

Grace looked at Simon Jefferson: "And my feet are crossed," cried she also looked at Fran, but her compressed lips and reproving eye expressed none of Abbott's gladness, midnight-and with a man!" However, she responded with-"I am so glad you are here, Professor Ashso the free exhibition could work on "and your bosom is rising and falling, ton, for I'm in trouble, and I can't decide which way it is my duty to turn. trust you-it is a matter relating to Mr. and heard. I gave her back her card. Gregory.'

Abbott was pleased that she should think him competent to advise her re--when mother died. Her last words specting her duty; at the same time scandal can be avoided?" he regretted that her confidence re-

"Professor Ashton," she said softly, "does my position as hired secretary Abbot asked weakly: "What did she mighty unpleasant!" Fran shook her to Mr. Gregory carry with it the obli- say?" fully near we are getting to your head vigorously. "He began telling gation to warn him of any misconduct

The solo was dying away, and, sweet and low, it fell from heaven like man-That sobered Abbott; considering But he's dead, now. I had to go back na upon his soul, blending divinely his official position, it seemed high to the show-there wasn't any other with the secretary's voice. Her explace. But a few months ago I was of pression "hired" sounded like a tragic age, and I came into Uncle Ephraim's pote—to think of one so beautiful, so er really liked it because what I want- property, because I was the only liv- meek, so surrounded by mellow hymn-

"You hesitate to advise me, before stare of people's eyes, and their fool- that he didn't make a will! When he you know all," she said, "and you are ish gaping mouths, I hated being al- said that mother-it don't matter what right. In a moment the choir will be hadn't been playing cards." ways on exhibition with every gesture he said-I just walked out of his door, singing louder, and we can all talk towatched, as if I'd been one of the that time, with my head up high like gether. Mrs. Gregory should be con-

Grace, conscious of doing all that one could in consulting Mrs. Gregory, "Good night," Fran said hastily. "It's "too," looked toward the choir loft, a mistake to begin a long story on a and smiled into Hamilton Gregory's "Mammoth!" Abbott declared, wa- short road. My! But wasn't that a eyes. How his baton, inspired by that smile, cut magic runes in the air!

"Mrs. Gregory," Grace said in a low story, Fran. I know of a road much voice, I suppose Professor Ashton is house will be looming up at us. longer than the one we've taken-we so surprised at seeing you in churchit has been more than five mouths. hasn't it? . . . that I'm afraid he

Mrs. Gregory could not help feeling ways just a little more—she really a glimmering perception of the reality, in the way, because her husband seemed to share Grace's feeling. Instinctively she turned to her mother and laid her hand on the invalid's

> "They ain't bothering me. Lucy," blush that the darkness concealed, cer- said the old lady, alertly. "I can't tainly with a little laugh. "I'm afraid hear their noise, and when I shut my eyes I can't see their motions."

"I have something to tell you both." Grace said solemnly. "Last night, I She sped lightly to the house, un- couldn't sleep, and that made me sensitive to noises. I thought I heard some one slipping from the house just as the clock struck half-past eleven. It seemed incredible, for I knew if it were anyone, it was that Fran, and I The next evening there was choir didn't think even she would do that."

It was as if Abbott had suddenly raised a window in a raw wind. His learning, paused in the vestibule to manner of saying "That Fran!" ob-

Mrs. Gregory said quickly, "Fran the gate? though she could neither sing nor play leave the house at half-past eleven?

"How do you know," Abbott asked, "that Fran left the house at such a time of the night?" The question was Abbott was not disappointed; but he unfair since it suggested denial, but that she was on the eve of discoveries

"At the time, I told myself that even about that time I was standing at the lodging house, mother got to know La I was a lion-tamer, now, nearly thir- choir loft, slyly whispering and nib- time afterward, I heard another sound.

"It was not Fran's voice," Mrs. "What man was it?" Abbott inquired, rather resentfully. "I do not know. I wish now, that I had called out," responded Grace, pay-

from the yard. I went to my window

I looked out. The moon was bright,

but there was a very dark shadow

about the front gate. I heard voices.

intensity-"the voice of a man!"

country. La Gonizetti was a lion- ing for me. The band nearly blew it- oned to Abbott. Hamilton Gregory, ing no heed to Mrs. Gregory. "That is tamer, and that's what mother learned, self black in the face. And what do following Grace's glance-for he saw where I made my mistake. The man no one but her at the practices, since got away. Fran came running into she inspired him with deepest fervor- the house, and closed the door as soft-"No, it wasn't that. I was lying on felt suddenly as if he had lost some ly as she could-after she'd unlocked like it, and everybody was kind to us, the cage floor, with my head on Sam- thing; he had often experienced the it from the outside! I concluded it son-Samson the Second made such a same sensation on seeing Grace ap- would be best to wait till morning, begorgeous and animated pillow!-and I proached by some unattached gentle fore I said a word. So this morning, before breakfast, I strolled in the yard, trying to decide what I had better do. Abbott's sympathetic hand, she went en United States days, and it was side her, with a concentration of at- I went to the gate, and there on the

> Abbott was bewildered. Mrs. Gregory listened, pale with apprehension. "It was a card," Grace said, with nobody ever dared to bring a card there. Mrs. Gregory will tell you the But that Fran. : . had been playing cards out there at

"I cannot think so," said Mrs. Gregofv firmly.

"After making up my mind what to do," continued Grace evenly, "I took Will you help me? I am going to her aside. I told her what I had seen But how can we be sure she will not do it again? That is what troubles me. Oughtn't I to tell Mr. Gregory, so a

Abbott looked blankly at Fran, who was singing with all her might. She caught his look, and closed her eyes.

Grace answered: "She denied it, of course-said she hadn't been playing cards with anybody, hadn't dropped the card I found, and wouldn't even admit that she'd been with a man. If I tell Mr. Gregory about her playing cards with a man at that hour. I don't believe he will think he ought to keep her longer, even if she does claim to be his friend's daughter."

"But you tell us," Mrs. Gregory interposed swiftly. "that she said she "She said!" Grace echoed unpleas

antly, "she said!"

"That card you found," began Ab-



It Was as If Abbott Had Suddenly Raised a Window in a Raw Wind.

bott guiltily, "was it the king of temperature descended. The other's hearts?" Possibly he had dropped it from his pocket when leaning over the gate to- But why had he leaned over

Grace coldly answered, "I do not keew one card from another." "Let me try to describe it."

"I hope you cannot describe the card I found" said Grace, the presentiment giving her eyes a starlike directness.

"I suspect I dropped that card over "I will tell you," Grace responded, the fence," he confessed, "for I had

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ply that he felt sure must be hovering

Abdul Hamid's view that the slave ed by Mr. Duckett Ferriman in "Turkey and the Turks." The chief points urged are that the owner is responsible he was a toiler in the city, and he for the slave's maintenance and cannot turn her adrift, that she is treated as one of the family, has light duties, and is taught accomplishments, and that she has chances of a rich marriage. panion in a house on the Bosphorus, was asked by some English visitors who were the charmingly dressed girls they saw. "Servants," she said, meaning to spare the girls' feelings. But when the visitors had gone the girls bitterly reproached her for "shaming" them. "You are a servant. You are paid, we are not. We are slaves, not servants. Why did you tell a falsehood

Grigin of the Hall Mark.

The name of hall mark derives from the ancient monopoly of Goldsmith's Hall in establishing the standard of gold and silver articles. In the prestain question and for once the man ent time the marks are more commonly known as place marks. These are in four items, a mark designating standard or quality, one indicating the office at which the assay was made, the mark indicating the year of assay and the private mark of the manufac-It isn't a bad heart; it's a bad tooth. turer. So important are these marks on old plate that there has arisen a knavish industry of cutting out old marks from insignificant old pieces and embedding them bodily in modern fabrications. The more recent work on the subject is Chaffer's "Handbook to Hall Marks on Gold and Silver Plate." which makes it quite easy to read the record ciphered in these

Only Three Classes of Cheese. Not less than 156 distinct kinds of cheese made in Europe and America were described many years ago, but the slight variations of these kinds are almost innumerable. In a new work, Prof. H. H. Wing of Cornell university roughly divides the many kinds into three general classes. These owe their leading characteristics to: (1) the amount of water removed, giving hard and soft cheeses; (2) the addition or subtraction of fat in the form of cream, and (3) the peculiar germs of fermentation, which give rise to the multitude of flavors.

Ali Off.

Jack-So the doctor said you had tobacco heart. Have you told your Tom-Yes, and she's given me the

Close Shave at That. Bix-So you are now living in the suburbs? Do you have to walk to the

marble one.

train mornings?

Dix-No. run.-Boston Transcript.

Oh, My, Yes! Griggs-I hate to play poker with a Driggs-It's a hanged sight better

than playing it with an easy winner.

Defined.

"What's a coquette?" "The girl you can't get." Strange

Strange things happen. The other evening we were kept awake for an hour or so by two men arguing a cer-

with the loud voice was right.

Did Him Injustice. Old Lady-I heard you swearing just now. You have a bad heart.

Tramp-You do me injustice, mum.

Some Pitcher.

She - My! Isn't the man who throws the ball for our side just wonderful! He throws it so they hit it every time.-Puck.

Two is company, but three is a multitude when father butts in.

Don't Be 'Grouchy"

just because your Stomach has "gone back" on you. There's a splendid chance for it to "come back" with the aid of

STOMACH BITTERS

It soothes and tones the tired nerves, promotes bowel regularity, aids digestion and will help you back to health. Try it.



HAROLD SOMERS, 150 Defait Ave., Brookly



THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.

"Cinema" The protest against the popular pro-

Had Gone Too Far to Change. Little Helen and Jack had grown up together, and when Jack finally outgrew dresses and donned his first trousers Helen insisted that she, too, be allowed to have a pair. But Jack said: "No, you don't, either, 'cause you started out to be a girl and you've got to keep it up."-Chicago Tri-

Comforting Companion. "So you went to the big outing?" "Yes," replied Mr. Growcher, "and I want to say that there is nothing like a picnic to make a man realize what a nice cool place his office is.'

Body That Does the Work. "Who presents people at court. pop?

-"In this country, my son, it is generally done by the grand jury." Good Reason.

"No. It's too shady."

"Does Larkin boast of his family

Value of Toads.

The common garden toad is coming nunciation of "Cinema" is just too into his own, and the full measure of late. Mr. Keble Howard has spelled it his worth to the farmer and gardener "Sinnemer," and he is so far right by is explained in a bulletin recently isthe ear of a London listener. And Mr. sued by the Nebraska experiment sta-Filson Young has worked by the eye tion. It says: "Superstition and traand found that the correct pronuncia- dition have invested the toad with retion should be indicated as "Kyneema," pulsive and venomous qualities. As a which-if we are able to talk Greek- matter of fact, B. F. Swingle, a noted is right. But unfortunately there is authority, declares the common toad no royal mint for words, and the new has a cash value of \$10 to the man thing is generally christened and nur- with a garden. Examination of the tured and ennobled by the talk of the stomachs of 149 toads proved that 98 street. Any one may throw a new per cent. of their food was of the folword on the counter and say it as he lowing character: Bugs, beetles. pleases. The street boy has triumphed spiders, potato bugs, thousand-legged with his "Sinnemer."-London Chron worms, weevils, tent caterpillars and grasshoppers. These were eaten by thousands. Wire worms, army worms, crickets, cucumber bugs and rose bugs were relished just as well. In one stomach 77 thousand-legged worms were found. One toad in captivity snapped up 86 flies in ten minutes."

Water in bluing is adulteration. Glass and water makes liquid blue costly. Buy Red Cross Ball Blue, makes clothes whiter than

Wise Directions. "When you come to a fork in the road, take it." "I will, if it is a silver one."

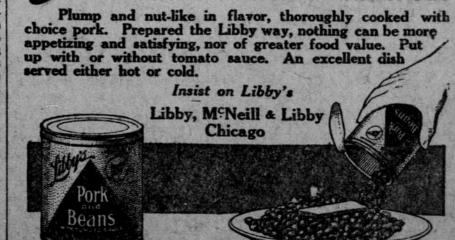
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind coile, 25c a bottle.46

It was feminine curiosity that led to the discovery of Moses in the bull-

LEWIS' Single Binder, straight 5c-many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars Adv

Luck may be merely a case of not being found out.

Siby Pork Beans Delicious - Nutritious



Damned," and is located 62 miles from sume their normal shapes. Constantine, on the site of the ancient town of Cirta This solidified cascade is the production of calcareous deposits from sulphurous and ferruginous mineral springs, issuing from the depths of the earth at a temperature of 95 degrees Centigrade. "The Bath of the Damned," even from in near viewpoint, looks for all the stock and barrel, the Elizabethan long stage career, received greater world like a great wall of water dash- building, with its Queen Anne addiing into a swirling pool at its foot, yet tions, known as Rotherwas, the seat its gleaming, graceful curves and the of the Bodenham family, situated

that the waterfall was petrified by Domesday Book.-London Globe. Allah, punishing the impiety of unbelievers by turning all the members of a tribe into stone. At night, so the story runs, its stone dwellers of the remote past are freed from their which means "The Bath of the strange fetters, come to life and re-

More Treasures Leave England. One of the best preserved masterpieces of Elizabethan interior decoration in England is doomed to be dis mantled in order to adorn the mansion of some American magnate. A apparently swirling eddies at its base about two and a half miles from are as fixed and immovable, as if Herefords The mansion had descendcarved from the face of a granite ed in unbroken line from George think of the singer as seventy years

PETRIFIED FALLS IN ALGERIA | Many centuries have, of course, gone | Henry I. to Count Lubienski Boden | HAD NO DELUSIONS AT ALL | anxiously waiting for the sweet reto the making of the deposits, and the ham, who died last year. The superb springs were well known to the an- paneling-Elizabethan, Jacobean and cient Romans. The name Hammam- Queen Anne-of thirteen of the apart-Meskhutin was given to the stone ments is now to be taken to New cataract in an allusion to a legend York. Rotherwas is mentioned in

> Age and Celebrity. "In a few days," says a letter in a Vienna paper, "Adelina Patti, born in the river bank in the cool of an Aug-Madrid of Italian parents, will reach the age of seventy. Since her seventh years, when she made her first appearance on the concert state, she has been known the world over, and although she is now the Baroness Cederstrom we know her still as Patti. She was only a little girl when, in 1859, she appeared in Lucia di Lammermoor,' and as Rosina in 'The Barber,' West End firm has acquired, lock, but she never, in the course of her applause than she did on those occasions. I heard her when she came to

Vienna for the first time, in 1863. I

thusiasm, that it seems difficult to

Bodenham, who lived in the reign of old-except when I look in the mirror.

Sweet Angelina Did Not Give the Sweet Response Henry So Ar-

dently Expected. Love's young dream is indeed a beautiful thing. Sweet Angelina and Henry thought it hardly possible such in a Turkish household is much better

found it cheaper to lodge near his work And now the blessed week-end spent at home was here, and he could

"Dearest!" he said Her gaze was fixed on the water. "Darling!" he murmured again, drawing her towards him. "Can you

"Yes," was the scarcely whispered answer. . "What is it, dearest?" he asked, to shame us?"

on those pretty lips. "It's-it's for your clean clothes, isn't it?" she queried softly.

bliss could be theirs as they sat on off than a servant girl is fully support. ust evening. They met only at week-encs, for

see nothing but uninterrupted happi- An Englishwoman, governess and comness till Monday morning. He slipped his arm round his sweetheart's waist.

guess why I some home every Saturremember it so well, and also my en- day?"